

The Evening Herald.

Published by

THE EVENING HERALD, INC.
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Editorial Rooms 167**NEW MEXICO PLAYGROUNDS.**

AGREAT many people will begin planning summer outings during the next thirty days. Many perhaps have already decided what the summer vacation expenditure can be this year and are puzzling over ways for making it go furthest and produce the greatest amount of return in rest and pleasure.

These youngsters who will compete here this week are the future college students of New Mexico, and the future citizens and builders. It will be to our material and our social benefit to pay them every possible attention to participate in their contests to the extent of applauding from the sidelines and, in a word, to get in the game with the University of New Mexico and the intelligent high school management of the state for the welfare of our boys, for the advancement of the cause of "a healthy mind in a healthy body," and for the more rapid progress of our schools.

The sooner Albuquerque people get the habit of participating in University affairs, in keeping in close touch with the University, the sooner we will begin to realize fully the unusual financial and moral benefits which that fast advancing institution is so well equipped to confer upon this city and its people, as well as on the state as a whole.

these annual meetings took place sixteen visitors attended. The increase in competing youths this year is a strong evidence of the rapid growth and widening interest of the University of New Mexico. It is striking evidence of the interest in amateur sports in this state and of the eagerness in our high schools to be admitted to the organized direction of the sports of boys and girls.

Here in Albuquerque we can afford to pay a great deal of attention to this track meet. For those of us who love good sports and a manly contest the events at the University Thursday, Friday and Saturday, and the basket ball games in the armory each evening will be incentive enough to attend. For those of us who think we are too busy or who do not care for amateur sports it will be well to remember that the Santa Fe railroad considers this meeting of sufficient importance to make a very low rate for it, and to advertise it all over the southwest; that the attention of college athletic authorities all over the country is centered on the meeting and that it is attracting notice from the whole American university world.

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Work
Work is anything you have to do. It may be something you once wanted to do. But the minute you begin to have to do it, it's your job.

If it was the other fellow's job—ah, there's the nifty stunt! The other fellow doesn't have anything to do, and he gets that much. While you have to do all this, and you only get this much!

A clerk will holler his head off if he has to go down to the shipping department to tell somebody something, and the elevator has to wait, causing him to have to walk down a whole consecutive flight of stairs.

But let him get out on the golf links that afternoon, or on a dancing floor that night with a covey of flappers, and he will travel forty-eight miles by the pedometer and never object.

One is work because he's got to, and the other is play because he gets to.

Lotta difference between get to and got to, isn't there?

Therein lies the essential difference between play and work.

You get to do one and you got to do the other.

While if they were reversed, the kicking would be just as strong, if not more so;

Sanity is only a comparative term.

While insanity is a positive term (sometimes of several years) in a nut college.

When one's kin is involved, it is a relative term.

How It Started
There was a young fellow named Riker
Who, when asked of his girl, "Do you like her?"
Said, "I'd give her my life!"
Then his friend started strife
By sneeringly saying, "You piker!"

An Almost Mix-Up
Not long ago at Madison, S. D., a queer mix-up took place, in the form of a row at a radio between True Flackett and Ernest Davis.

With such molly-coddle names as those, one would have expected these two young men to have kicked each other fondly on the checks and walked about with their arms around each other.

Instead of that, they quarreled horribly and used shotguns on each other.

For the sake of euphemism these young fellows should at least have used rifles at a range, if they just had to shoot.

But the whole thing goes to show that the most terrible sacrifice on the part of parents in naming children perfectly genteel, wrist-slapping names, won't do any good.

Blood is thicker than moneymaking.

Very Suggestive
One of these elusive dope-sheets, who writes all the stuff we don't want to know,

"To prevent the loss of a loose finger ring that has been patented a guard to be inserted inside it and engage the knuckle of the wearer."

If some of these paragraphing smart alecks don't pick up that word "patented" in there, in connection with the word "ring," we shall be prettily disappointed.

A Bunch
Pompholyx vulgaris is a stately Rosacean disease on which that nation has an invaluable copyright. Why not let the Germans take it along with the other unpronounceable things they're said to have captured lately?

Climbing Roses, Honeysuckle and Clematis Vines, 2 years old. Albuquerque Greenhouses. Phone 466.

BETTER GOVERNMENT THIS ISSUE.

IN A letter to the Herald today Judge H. S. Roddy advocates the city manager form as the most advanced and most efficient plan of city government. There is no disposition to take issue with the author of a particularly interesting letter on public affairs, which appears on this page today. As a matter of fact the Herald is not advocating any particular commission or city manager form for Albuquerque. We are making a consistent effort to present the facts about the commission government, the advantages and disadvantages which have been shown by the trials of many other cities, and to put the whole of the available information before the people of this city. It is our purpose to publish the disadvantageous statements as well as the favorable ones. The fact that all have been favorable thus far out of a total of more than fifty responses from so many cities to which we sent inquiries is a matter over which we have no control. We are presenting the facts as they come to us.

The same in Albuquerque is not against any type or form of government. It is for more efficient municipal management from top to bottom.

The question is what is the best form. It is time for Albuquerque to pull out, and having found out to us, our purpose in the present series of articles is to assist in so far as we can in pulling the wisest way.

Today the Herald presents an interesting statement from Memphis, Tennessee, where both city and county are under commission government. The article is well worth our careful reading of every thoughtful sentence.

THE INTERSCHOLASTIC TRACK MEET.

MORE than one hundred high school boys will come to Albuquerque Thursday, practically every important town in the state, to participate in the fourth annual interscholastic track and field meet, held under the auspices of the University of New Mexico, and on the University campus. The University will be host to the visiting athletes during their stay here, offering them board and lodgings without cost.

Four years ago when the first

Current Poetry**The Key**

Just Love and I,
We two,
But we can make
Our fate undo
The knots and tangles he has tied on
Light.

Bring out his lantern to illumine the
night,
For you, Love, you can charm him,
I can sue.

Just Love and I,
 Alone,
 But we can draw
 From the tense string
The music they had thought forever
stilled.

Brim the bright cup so long had been
unfilled.
For you, Love, you can play
 And I can sing.

Just Love and I,
 Just we
 Can quite forget
 Sardonic circumstance,
Smile at the sneer of envy, pity
those.

Whose arid lives are like the scentless rose,
For you, Love, you can laugh
 And I can dance.

Just Love and I,
 Can give
 All that we have
 From day to day
Can brave the things that hurt, the
words that burn,
Pour out our treasure, asking no return.

For you, Love, you can wait
 And I can pray.

Just Love, not I,
 Just Love,
 Can be so dear
 That in surprise
Hearts cold shall throb with tenderest desire
To make a place for others by the
fire.

In love, just love, alone,
The secret lies.

Great Love, if I
 Could do
 Such miracles,
 Or once be These
But for an hour—each door would fubar
And show the glory of all souls that
are.

For even to this, Great Love
Both hold the key.
—Natives Magazine.

Woman's Folly

When lovely woman stoops to folly—

Thus sang some gink, when melancholy.

He didn't know whereof he spoke; This-way-back-yonder writing bloke.

For half the time when women make

You think they're foolish, it's a fake.

You fall for that, and you just bet A-plenty will be what you get.

For woman is a paradox—

She is insane just like a fox.

She makes you think she "stoops to folly."

But don't you bite—it's just a jolly!

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